Tired by Fun

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Tired by Fun

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Summary

He needed some liquid courage anyway if he was going to attempt to seduce his roommate this evening.
And he was. He absolutely was. That was the plan, and Will Graham, first year student of criminal psychology was certainly going to follow through, and not back out like he had the last four times he'd talked himself up.

College roommates... because drunken shenanigans are a great idea.

Notes

For a lovely friend! More to come, just not quite yet <3

Title from "Real" by Years & Years

See the end of the work for more notes

Will was elated.

He was out of Biloxi, he was away from home, his car had made it to campus without too much trouble - though he'd had to pull over to let the engine cool down a couple of times - and his room overlooked the main quad.

He didn't even care that he would have a roommate, he didn't even care that he would be here for summer school so he could graduate early.

He was free. For the first time in his life he was *free* to do what he wanted.

And what he wanted, he found, was to take a goddamn nap. A sixteen-hour drive spread over three days was still a lot, and he was sweaty and covered in grime from a bunch of different states and probably smelled like an ashtray.

He'd take a nap, then have a shower and unpack his stuff. By then, maybe his roommate would have arrived and Will could size him up and see who he'd be sharing space with for a year.

He didn't bother unpacking sheets. He grabbed a blanket and a pillow and threw himself onto the tiny twin bed, curling into a ball and crashing immediately.

He woke, groggy, to the sound of shuffling and drawers opening and closing. Rolling over onto his other side, he saw that his roommate had arrived, meticulously unpacking his suitcase into the dresser on his side of the room. He'd already made his bed, and when he turned his dark eyes on Will, Will had a momentary burst of shame.

He had the same stark look of disapproval that most parents and teachers had perfected. He wore a crisp button down, freshly pressed slacks, and a goddamn *tie.*

"You sleep like the dead," the boy said, "I've been here for twenty minutes."

"Yeah, well, I drove for three days." Will sighed, holding out a hand. "Will Graham."

The boy looked down at his hand. Will was suddenly acutely aware of his filth, and winced, but the boy tentatively shook it anyway.

"Hannibal Lecter."

"You in on exchange?" Will asked, dropping his feet to the ground and stretching his arms over his head with a low, pleased groan. The young man watched Will almost clinically before shaking his head.

"Despite the accent, no." When Will winced and made to apologize, Hannibal offered a smile. "A transfer, actually. I've decided to change my major and this was the college that offered exactly what I wanted."

"From what to what?"

“Art to medicine.”

Will whistled, pushing himself to stand and shoving his hands into his pockets. He needed a shower. And a cigarette. If he could have had both at once he absolutely would have. “That’s a bit of a jump.”

“I suppose it depends how you look at it.”

Will found he had nothing to say to that, and he’d never been particularly good at small talk, so he took the out for what it was. He grabbed up his glasses from his bedside table, and rummaged in his duffel for a clean pair of boxers, jeans, and a shirt. He upended the rest of the contents on his bed looking for a towel and his toiletry bag, and held both up triumphant when he found them.

He tried to ignore the look Hannibal gave his messy side of the room as he left to find the showers.

He found it harder to ignore the look Hannibal gave him when he returned twenty minutes later clean and fresh, rubbing the towel absently through his curls.

Historically, assuming the sexuality of those around him hadn’t worked out well for Will. He hadn’t ever been *wrong* , but generally, boys who were in the closet were more likely to punch him than kiss him.

But Hannibal…

Will snuck a peek of his own, as he half heartedly tidied his side of the room. Hannibal was lean, tall. He had nice arms, and when he turned away from Will…

Will ducked his head to hide a sudden blush. He was being stupid.

He would continue to be stupid throughout the start of his semester. It wasn’t *entirely* his fault. As the room was where Hannibal’s clothes were kept, the room was often where he changed. And Will didn't always look away, as would have been polite. He couldn’t help himself.

Hannibal had more hair on his chest than Will did, a thick patch of dirty blond that made Will feel pleasantly warm. It traveled down in a thin trail into his boxers, and that was always the point where Will *did* look away.

And he was more than just pretty. He was brilliant, juggling more classes than most would have dared, and he occasionally snuck a peak at Will’s assignments and then spent an hour debating the answers with him. It was exhilarating.

“Dorm party,” Will announced, swinging himself into their room and leaning against the jamb. “BYO anything you like and it looks like it might be set for the long haul. You in?”

“I don’t drink,” Hannibal replied, almost delicately, as he turned a page in his textbook. The lamp on his table illuminated a small island of space that Hannibal and his work occupied;

the rest of their room was dark and quiet. They were down the far end of the corridor, away - thankfully - from where most of the parties happened.

“What, like ever?”

“Yes,” Hannibal still didn’t look up, and Will found himself more curious than dismissive as he stepped into the room and set his hands to Hannibal’s desk, leaning over him as he let his arms take his weight, toes just brushing the floor.

“Bad experiences?”

“Lack of interest,” Hannibal shrugged. “But you’re more than welcome to go, I’m hardly your keeper.”

And he wasn’t, that much was true. Neither had invaded each other’s space as the year had worn on. In fact, both found they enjoyed the companionable silence they could share as each studied, or read, or just sat in the room keeping the other company. Will wasn’t usually a drinker, either. He’d just hoped that dragging Hannibal along to this party would drop inhibitions and possibly finally crack the sexual tension that had been growing between them like an iceberg.

“Would rather go with you,” Will finally said, letting his feet drop to the floor again and his body coil up as he sank into a sprawl on their threadbare carpet.

That finally got a hint of attention, and Hannibal’s ‘pleased’ face, the slightest quirk of a smile he wore whenever receiving a compliment or winning a debate.

“You don’t like people,” Hannibal pointed out. “As you inform me regularly. Parties have many people, usually stacked atop one another in drunken affairs.”

Yes. That was the *point* .

“I like *you* ,” Will pointed out.

“Yes, well, you’ve also informed me that I’m hardly people.”

It was true. Hannibal rose at six AM even if his first class wasn’t until noon, and Will had never seen him look anything less than perfect and refreshed. He was clearly a robot.

Will waved him off. “I like you, and whiskey. You like people, and blending in with the mere mortals. Everybody wins.”

Hannibal sighed, closing his textbook. “If I don’t agree to go with you, are you going to sulk loudly for the rest of the evening?”

“Yes.”

“Very well.”

The party was like any other party. There were kegs of cheap beer, red plastic cups, hard liquor snuck in from god-knows-where, and half-naked students pretending to genuinely enjoy dancing to 90s throwback playlists humming tinny through someone's Bluetooth speaker.

Will immediately hated it.

Hannibal beelined for the drinks table.

Of the two of them, most people were surprised to learn that Hannibal was most comfortable in company. Will gave off a much more easy-going vibe, but when approached he was like a threatened hedgehog. Hannibal looked like someone's TA but had a ready smile for any conversation. Will lost him almost immediately to a group of nerds gathered around a tabletop game by the window.

No matter. He needed some liquid courage anyway if he was going to attempt to seduce his roommate this evening.

And he was. He absolutely was. That was the plan, and Will Graham, first year student of criminal psychology was certainly going to follow through, and not back out like he had the last four times he'd talked himself up.

Beer, he knew from experience, was disgusting, but a group of upperclassmen were doing body shots off of their pretty girlfriends. Tequila likely didn't taste any better, but it would be in his belly before his tastebuds had a chance to revolt. The beauty of shots.

"Need a lick, handsome?" Asked a pretty girl in blue jeans and a pink bra. Will shook his head, licking a stripe across his own wrist.

"Nah, but hit me." And hit him she did, walking him through the motions of salt-shot-lime with two generous pours into his solo cup. He couldn't put a word to the flavor, besides 'blegh,' but the warmth flooded him almost immediately. Two shots in and he felt the haze of alcohol settling in. Empty stomachs and generous portions were either a terrible combination, or a great one.

The idea came to him as she was pouring him a third shot. He coated his wrist in salt, grabbed the cup and a lime wedge, and hurried off with a wave.

"Hannibal!" He yelled when he found him, pressing himself against Hannibal's side to be heard better. "Hannibal, lick me!"

His roommate blinked, taken aback for a moment at being interrupted by both Will's voice and his body shoved so close. The girl he'd been talking to stifled a giggle behind her hand and Hannibal gave her an apologetic look.

"Will," he murmured, and Will pressed closer to hear him. When Hannibal licked his lips Will nearly moaned. "I don't think -"

"No, trust me, this is a very good idea."

Hannibal pursed his lips and looked at the girl again, who just shrugged in answer. It was a party, people got drunk. Will, by Hannibal's quick assessment, was well on his way to blind inebriation. He certainly couldn't have the shot he was holding out with unsteady hands for Hannibal to take.

With a sigh, Hannibal took the glass.

He gave Will a look, narrow-eyed and dark, and caught his fingers with one hand. He brought Will's wrist up to his lips and slowly licked the salt from Will's skin. He took the shot, eyes still on his roommate, hand still holding his, and then opened his mouth for Will to numbly set the wedge of lime between his teeth for him.

When Hannibal let Will's hand go, it immediately clung to his shirt, instead. Hannibal removed the lime rind from his mouth with a wince.

"Revolting substance."

"Uh-huh," Will agreed distractedly, his gaze still caught on Hannibal's lips. A second ticked by, two, before he shook his head.

"I'm gonna go grab another."

"No!" Hannibal grabbed him by the wrist again, dragging him back. "No, I think you've had enough."

Will whined childishly. "I've only had two!" And perhaps, if he played his cards right, he could get more creative with the salt placement.

"Were those two as large as the one you gave me?"

Will stared at him blankly. Hannibal sighed. "Excuse us," he said to the girl he'd been speaking to. Turning, he led Will over to one of the many chairs littering the party. "Sit. Stay. I'll get you some water. If we're lucky, we can make it home while we're still somewhat sober."

"Home is down the hall," Will called after him, voice a lilting sing-song of his usual tone. He didn't feel drunk, just a little loose, a little confident. When Hannibal came back with a glass of water Will grinned at him. "If I can't walk, will you carry me?"

"Will," Hannibal held out the glass for him.

"I'm serious," Will licked his lips. "Would you carry me back to our room if I couldn't walk?"

"No." Hannibal replied, but his eyes were warm. Will took the water but drank only a little. When Hannibal made to return to his conversation Will was up like a shot, catching his sleeve.

"Actually," he set the glass down where he'd been sitting. "I'm not feeling that great. You're right. We should go back."

“It’s just down the hall,” Hannibal reminded him, amused, and Will leveled him with a dry look.

“Come on. You’re a doctor -”

“Studying to be a doctor.”

“- you know what can happen if I trip and crack my head open on the way there. Walk me back?”

In Will’s mind, he was smooth as hell. Get the handsome guy to walk him back to their room, kiss him at the door, have the handsome guy realize Will is absolutely irresistible and -

He tripped. Stumbling over his undone shoelaces, he toppled himself into Hannibal, nearly taking the other boy down with him.

“Alright,” Hannibal said, tugging Will back to his feet, “I guess we’re going home.”

The party had taken over several rooms and a lounge. The tequila girl gave Will a wave and a wink, making an obscene gesture in Hannibal’s direction. Will hastily urged him on when his brow furrowed and he attempted to ask Will about it.

Somehow, they made it through the haze of booze and noise, down to their own relatively quiet section of the dorm.

“I hope that twenty minutes was everything you wanted,” Hannibal said, depositing Will onto the bed.

“Let’s make it my *second* favorite twenty minutes,” Will told him, yanking Hannibal down with him as he flopped onto his back. It wasn’t as graceful a motion as Will had been hoping, but Hannibal caught himself with arms on either side of Will’s head and he was close enough to kiss so Will… did.

He leaned up, catching Hannibal’s lips with his own, somewhat coordinated, and kissed him. When Hannibal didn’t immediately pull away, Will brought his hands up to grab the collar of his shirt and tugged him closer, opening his mouth this time, coaxing Hannibal’s lips to move with his own.

Will had thought about this a little too much. Not because he was particularly deviant but because he *liked* Hannibal, and he rarely liked people. He was clever, he had a fantastic sense of humor, he dressed like one of their professors but damn could he pull it off. And he didn’t tell Will to shut up, or go away, or call him a freak for being interested in a million things at once. When Hannibal lowered himself a little, closer to Will, Will grinned and brought his knees up to cradle Hannibal between them, though that motion failed in being graceful too, since one of Hannibal’s legs was still off the bed. The kiss broke and Will laughed.

“Sorry,” he bit his lip, eyes up to meet Hannibal’s. “Fuck, sorry, I’ve just been wanting to do that for a long fucking time.”

Hannibal hummed, eyes warm as he looked at Will and tilted his head. Will's eyelids fluttered and he puffed out his cheeks before letting out a slow deliberate breath.

"The world's spinning a little too fast right now," he admitted, before a giggle overtook him and he shook his head, singing off-key: " *you spin my head right round right round* ,"

"I think it's a good idea for you to stay horizontal," Hannibal told him, starting to pull away. Will whined and grabbed at him again.

"Wait," he tried to sit up, groaning when vertigo dropped him right back down. "Stay horizontal with me?"

Hannibal lifted an eyebrow, but his eyes were amused, not disgusted. "A subtle way of asking me to sleep with you, Will?"

"No," Will shook his head, licking his lips again. "A very, *very* , not subtle way. Sleep with me?"

Hannibal leaned forward, their foreheads pressed together. "Not tonight," he said gently.

Will frowned, his fingers tightening on Hannibal's shirt. "Why?"

"Because you downed the equivalent of at least four shots of tequila in under five minutes, and your judgement is compromised."

"It isn't," Will promised, "I want this. I want *you* ."

"Maybe," Hannibal agreed, gently freeing his shirt from Will's grasping hands. "But if so, you'll still want me tomorrow. Or perhaps the day after, once the hangover has passed." He pressed Will back into his sheets, pulling the comforter up around his shoulders. Will watched him with solemn eyes as he changed into his pajamas, startling when Hannibal returned to nudge him back towards the wall.

"You said you wouldn't sleep with me," He said, as Hannibal turned him so that he could spoon up behind Will.

"I won't have sex with you while you're drunk, no."

"Then why are you here?"

Hannibal's lips pressed a sweet kiss behind Will's ear. "Because even I have my weaknesses. Go to sleep, Will."

Will woke with a pounding in his head and a bad taste in his mouth and a warm arm around his middle and he had no idea what to do with himself. It was still early, the weak light coming in through their dorm window indicated it was either cloudy out or just after dawn and Will wanted to kick himself for drinking so much the night before. He wanted nothing more than to turn around in Hannibal's arms and kiss him good morning but he *couldn't* .

He couldn't even sneak out of bed to brush his teeth first because he was between the wall and Hannibal's unbelievably welcome warmth.

He thought back - as much as he could - to the night before and tried to remember if he'd said anything particularly humiliating and ended up burying himself under the covers when he realized that everything he had said the night before had been humiliating.

But still Hannibal had curled up to share a bed with him.

He'd kissed Will *back* .

Will lay pondering and judging himself a while more until the tightness in his bladder got too much and he gently tried to squirm free of the very welcome warmth surrounding him.

"How are you feeling?" Hannibal's morning voice was sleep-rough and even more delicious than normal and it took a lot for Will not to moan aloud.

"Like someone kicked me in the head and a small animal died in my mouth," he admitted. "I'm sorry, I just… I'll just be a sec."

Hannibal released him, which Will had *wanted* but he hated at the same time, and Will scrambled over him and out the door to the bathroom.

The bathroom was a terrible place to hide, given they shared it with the entire hall, but at least *Hannibal* wasn't there. Will took care of his needs, brushed his teeth, and even stuck his head under a cascade of cold water to help the headache.

Eventually, though, he had to return to their room, where he found Hannibal still in his bed, facing the door this time. He was rumpled and bleary eyed and still goddamn *gorgeous* and it wasn't fair.

"I suppose I'll have to clean myself up as well before I kiss you?" Hannibal asked. Will's humiliated thoughts ground to a halt, and he blinked.

"What?"

Hannibal's eyes narrowed beneath a curtain of bangs. "I assumed last night's offer was still on the table. Was I incorrect?"

"No," Will squeaked. "No, you are very much correct."

"Good." Hannibal smiled, stretching obscenely before sliding from the bed. "I'll be right back."

As he passed Will, he set a hand to his stomach gently and it was such an intimate gesture, such a soft thing, that Will did make a noise when Hannibal was out in the corridor.

Dammit this was just a crush, a maddening and stupid crush but he'd had those before. Why was Hannibal getting under his skin so much that Will was *aching* for him? Why did he feel like if he fucked this up their friendship would be ruined too?

He climbed back into bed, kicking the blankets flat before drawing his knees up and wrapping his arms around them. Hannibal was going to kiss him, he'd said he was, and had gone to clean up before he did and Will's heart was preparing to freefall into his stomach. After a few more moments of helpless waiting Will lunged across his bed and dug around in his bag for condoms. Because… he might as well? It wasn't presumptuous since Hannibal had said he wouldn't have sex with Will when he was *drunk* , and he wasn't drunk *now* …

He was back at the headboard by the time Hannibal returned, and Will bit his lip at the sight of him.

How could one young man be so goddamn handsome?

Hannibal closed the door behind himself and made his way to the bed again. He'd only set one knee to it before Will was on his knees and kissing him, hands warm on either side of Hannibal's face as he held him close.

Will had been heart-poundingly ecstatic about the kiss the night before, but this was better. He could taste *Hannibal* instead of tequila and his own humiliation. Hannibal met him with soft hands on his waist and a muzzle against his nose.

"Do you remember what you asked me last night?" Hannibal murmured. His voice had dipped low, and it twisted something hot in Will's belly.

After a moment, Will did, and his breath hitched. "I asked you to sleep with me," he whispered back.

"I won't have an affair," Hannibal warned him. "I couldn't stand something casual with you."

Another painful thump of his heart. Will grazed his lips over Hannibal's cheek, helpless. He'd wanted an affair, he'd *hoped* for an affair, because it seemed like the only thing he'd ever stand a chance of having. To be offered more, to be offered something *real* …

"Hannibal," Will whispered, "Will you sleep with me?"

Hannibal's answer came with a warm palm to Will's chest and a kiss to his lips that had Will dizzy. He moved as Hannibal moved him, stretching his legs out on the bed and laying back to welcome Hannibal on top of him. Will was still in his clothes from the night before and Hannibal was in soft pyjama bottoms and Will grinned as he slid his hands down Hannibal's back to slip his fingertips beneath the waistband.

Hannibal was already working the buttons of Will's flannel shirt and Will wriggled beneath him to shrug it off before spreading his knees and arching up against Hannibal.

He was larger than Will but only slightly; broader in the shoulders and had hair on his chest where Will was bare and Will *groaned* at the feeling.

"I should really learn to just fucking ask, huh?" Will mumbled, ducking his head to watch as Hannibal started freeing his belt next.

"You should."

“Well why didn’t you?” Will accused, cheeks warm when Hannibal flicked his eyes up at him.

“I was curious to see what you would do.”

Will laughed. “Still curious?”

“I find you endlessly interesting, Will.”

“I have condoms under the pillow.”

Hannibal’s next breath was sharp. He slid a hand beneath Will’s head and came back with a little foil packet. “Endlessly interesting,” he repeated, sinking down against Will.

Will couldn’t figure out what to do with his hands. He wanted to do *everything* , to touch every bit of skin that Hannibal revealed. The firmness of the muscle in his arms, the soft curve of his ass, the thickening length he slowly revealed as he kicked out of his pants.

Hannibal was thick and uncircumcised. Will tested the weight of him in his palm, pleased at Hannibal’s stilted moan.

“I’ve never done this before,” he confided, as Hannibal began to tug Will’s jeans down his hips.

“Then we’ll be evenly matched.”

Will stopped teasing at Hannibal’s foreskin to laugh, shaking his head. “Shouldn’t *one* of us know what they’re doing?”

“I’ve no doubt we’ll figure it out,” Hannibal told him, before kissing Will deep and wrapping his hand around both of them to stroke them together.

Will had imagined. He’d watched porn. He’d made out with a few very handsy guys in seedy bars but it had never been like this before. This was close and hot and fumbling, neither confident enough to take control and both following the cues of their bodies to take them where they ached most.

Will wasn’t even sure they would get to the condoms right now, he was already so close. As both of them spilled precome, Hannibal’s hand sped up, slicking the way and driving Will’s heels into the bed and his head back against the pillow.

“Fuck,” he laughed. “Hannibal, I’m -” *about to come like a goddamn teenager from what your hands are doing to me* , “I’m pretty close…”

“You and me both,” Hannibal panted against him, drawing his nose through Will’s curls as his own voice pitched low and his hand squeezed almost painfully tight around them both.

Will cursed again, tucking his legs up and pressing his toes to the bed instead as he rocked up into Hannibal’s hold, head ducked to look, hands over Hannibal’s shoulders no doubt leaving marks with how hard he was clinging.

It was the sight that did him in, the visual of his and Hannibal's cocks pressed together and sliding through Hannibal's fist. Will moaned, cock pulsing white and hot over his stomach and Hannibal's hand. Hannibal said something that wasn't English but sounded a lot like swearing as he joined Will, surging forward to kiss him through it.

"Jesus," Will gasped when they separated, staring up at wide brown eyes.

"Will," Hannibal said, sounding pained, "I know it's not a very large bed, but I think I'm about to collapse."

Will laughed, hauling Hannibal down on top of him. They were both a mess, unpleasantly slick with their mingled release. "Crush me," Will said, "I don't care. We can push the beds together later."

"Can we?" Hannibal asked quietly. When Will looked, his expression was serious.

"Yeah," Will said softly. "Yeah, I mean, if you want to."

"There's a lot of things I want," Hannibal told him, nuzzling Will's cheek before kissing there. "And I'm sure we can start on a few once we've had a moment to recover."

Will snorted, laying back and wrapping his arms and his legs around Hannibal to hold him close. Childishly possessive of something he didn't think he'd ever actually get. He drew his hands lazily up and down Hannibal's back until both of their breathing eased a little, but Will's heart was still going a mile a minute.

"We should shove the beds to your side of the room," he said after a while. "Move the desks to my side. You've got the building's supporting wall so we won't disturb anybody."

Hannibal hummed, pushing up a little to look at Will with a quirked brow. "Do you expect we might be in danger of that?"

Will grinned. "Haven't you always wanted to be a terrible student who got into trouble?"

"I can't say I have."

"Liar," Will kissed him chastely, eyes narrowed mischievously. "Let's not move the beds til tonight. Then you'll see it my way."

"And what do you propose we do until then?"

Will bit his lip wriggling a little to lay more comfortably under Hannibal again. "Start disturbing our dorm neighbors with frantic early morning sex."

Hannibal met Will's challenge with one of his own. He brought a hand to Will's hair to gently tug and kissed under his jaw, sucking a mark to his skin before pulling back with a hum. "Turn over," he breathed, relishing the way Will shivered beneath him and obeyed.

End Notes

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